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Haven does the "quite something else," and handles pure colors with refinement, and composes to please herself—and us, too—and her little faces are truly clever. See her coat of many colors. Sarah Hayden's exhibit is important. One of these ivories could go in a big frame and hang out on the wall, it being almost a genre picture, and a good one, too. Don't leave this room without a look at Millar's "The Morning Star." Though not an ivory it is a gem, this pale bit of tender gray and the two little nymphs who bathe in mist.

Now for the *bonne bouche*, the largest water-color, done on paper, we remember to have seen. By the way, after painting, the paper was mounted on canvas to sustain it. Some one said that it were better done in oils if to be so large. Nay, not so. Oil-painting can never give that peculiar tone and quality. We recall that Robert Blum said just this when he painted his immense wall decoration, "Oils would not give me that quality." But Mr. Blum painted his decoration on canvas in opaque water-color. This one now before us is by Sidney Lawrence. A good many years ago—thirteen, we think—he was at Cape Ann, and people admired his cleverness with water-color. He then went to St. Ives, Cornwall, and stayed there, studying such marines as this. Now he is powerful as well as clever. He shows us that thing dreaded of transatlantic captains, which they call "the Lizard," and we see it all in a smother of surf as they do not like to see it. All the body of the picture is a mass of billows, mostly white water, and it is all in soft shadow, while beyond are sun-lit cliffs and a corner of unbroken sea. Huge isolated rocks rear black heads amid the froth. It is well studied and very true. Much of the paint is laid in frank body color. Still nothing is pasty, nothing chalky, nothing offensive. This noble work is a fit thing for our last look at this good exhibition.

JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON.



BOSTON NOTES

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There have been no important exhibitions during the past month, but there are always interesting sketches or pictures to be seen at the studios and in the large art shops. Indeed the latter carry what is quite as good as any ordinary exhibition, and most of the managers are very good about sending notification of what they have of special interest.

During this and the coming month there is an important exhibition, which may be said to cover the greater part of the State. We have in Massachusetts a system of art study in the public schools, which, though not perfect, has many excellencies to commend it to the attention of other States. This is the study of famous pictures

and of their makers, and begins in the first school year, accompanies all the hand work, and is carried out during the entire school course. Now the time has come to show what is reaped from such a plan of sowing in the field of art, and the results are very satisfying. It makes better drawing, and develops more idea of composition than ever comes to the child whose art training is such as we know it to be in most schools. I hope to tell you about this system more in detail at a later date.

Probably it is because at this time every artist begins to feel in himself that stir which makes him betake himself to the woods and fields or to the lakes and sea that has turned so many of them to painting fishing scenes. The windows of the railway offices have shown beguiling scenes of fishers and such persons, but most of them are only pot-boilers. When one sees Walter M. Brackett's paintings of fish he sees something good. He succeeds in transferring to canvas the genuine fish with the slime that is always on them, though it does not hide the fine tints of the skin. There is a delicious cool atmosphere to his pictures, and the half-tints are rich and transparent.

I was interested in an exhibit of Zorn's drawings, which seem to me to be exceedingly strong. There is little fine work, but every stroke of the pencil tells. There is a wonderful life-likeness to the portraits, and a way of using shadows and bringing the face or figure from the black background rather as a suggestion than as a plain sharp line that is very effective and pleasing. The work attracts me because it is so virile.

The St. Botolph Club held an exhibit this month from the works of John Leslie Breck, whose early death cut short what promised to be a career of note. Mr. Breck's paintings are very pleasing, and he was a skillful artist, but there is no strongly marked individuality to what he did. He might in time have acquired this as his nature became more self-centered; but for all this lack there is much to admire in the exhibit. Sensibility and delicacy are no mean characteristics, and these were Mr. Breck's, and make some of his later landscapes exquisite pieces. Joseph Decamp added to the collection a portrait of Mr. Breck, which is said to be an excellent likeness.

The Public Library has been showing a complete collection of views of noted mural paintings in this country. It is surprisingly large, and takes in the works of John W. Alexander, George R. Barse, Frank W. Benson, E. H. Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, Frederick Dielman, R. L. Dodge, Elmer E. Garnsey, Walter McEwen, George W. Maynard, Gari Melchers, Charles Sprague Pearce, Robert Reid, Walter Shirlaw, Edward Simmons, W. B. Van Ingen, Elihu Vedder, Henry O. Walker, Puvis de Chavannes, John S. Sargent, Edwin A. Abbey, Robert Blum, John LaFarge, Will H. Low, F. D. Millet, Bela L. Pratt, Robert V. V. Sewall, Abbott H. Thayer and Charles Y. Turner. It is easy

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to understand how advantageous to the student is such a collection as this.

J. A. S. Monks has had an exhibition of his paintings in oils and water-colors. Mr. Monks is adding to his skill as a draughtsman a feeling for warmer and deeper color. He is a true lover of nature, and expresses her many phenomena with tenderness and with perfect insight. He is a painter of cattle, but his landscapes are treated as if they were the only things to be considered in the pictures.

The Museum of Fine Arts has recently received several casts and marble sculptures, one from Athens.

The Boston Architectural Club holds an exhibition next week. Edward F. Maher is the club's vacation traveler this year.

We are rather pleased here with the honor recently paid Daniel C. French by the Academia San Luca, which has added him to its famous "Virtuosi." Mr. French is so well known here that it seems quite a personal matter. Several of his statues are in and about Boston.

There is a good deal of pleasure to be found in a study of the paintings of Maurice Prendergast. They are quite unlike any one's else, and look as bright and full of life as life itself. There is a certain something about his pictures that is his own. These figures look as if they were alive and ready to move—even as if they were moving. It is not the suggestion of motion, but motion itself. It makes them charming; nor is this the only charm to be found in them.

W. B. Closson has been doing some pastels on a gray felt paper, which suits the medium and produces an atmospheric effect that is very lovely. He has made vignettes of women and children, and they are distinctly dainty and beautiful.

Mr. Jules R. Mersfelder had a small exhibit here for a few days prior to his going to Gloucester for his summer sketching. He has several commissions on which he is busy. There seems to be a general preparing to depart for "fresh fields and pastures green"—or their equivalent on the part of the artists of this city. Mr. Walter F. Lansil will visit the coast of Maine for outdoor studies. Mr. J. C. Miles chooses the mountains of Vermont. Mr. Barnard has moved his studio to Belmont, but plans to spend much of the summer in Mystic, Conn., as do Mr. Davis, Mr. Hayden, Mr. Macknight, and others. That place and Monhegan, Maine, fairly revel in artists during the summer.

Carlton T. Chapman, Melbourne H. Hardwick, Mrs. W. L. Mathews and Cyrus E. Dallin held exhibits this month, but I was unable to see them, so cannot tell you about them. Mr. Dallin had a Don Quixote which was highly praised by those who saw it. I think this may be said to have been the special thing of the month. It made the knight somewhat noble, not all absurd, and was a creation of feeling, skillful technique, and appreciation of the man Cervantes gave to the world.

DORA M. MORRELL.